

IS THIS MAN THE NEXT CHAMPION PUGILIST OF THE WORLD?

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MUSCULAR CLAIMS OF TOM SHARKEY TAKEN FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL LAST WEDNESDAY.



LOOK here upon the first and only really accurate pictures that have ever been published, or even made, of the muscular stock in trade of Tom Sharkey.

These are the active maulers of the hitherto unknown man who has "stood off" some of the best of the heavy-weight punchers, and who is matched now to fight Jim Corbett to a finish.

Here is the muscled-covered back where is stored up the force which is intended for the undoing of "Gentleman Jim." These are the legs with which this modest bunch of Irish-American pluck and muscle expects to gallop into the position of world's champion.

Sharkey posed for these pictures in his room at the Hotel Warwick, in Broadway, on the morning after his four rounds of diversion at Madison Square Garden with that obese and reminiscent old person, John L. Sullivan. An hour later he started for the West.

No pictures have ever been published, probably, which were more generally welcomed than these of Sharkey will be, for up to the present time the sporting world has had no positive knowledge of the physical equipment of this pugilistic Loch-Invar who has come out of the West to batter his way to fame.

The sailor man, though he looks hard and clean cut to the last degree, does not impress one as being burly enough to stand up against such mountains of muscle as Fitz and Peter Maher or to hold his own before the flying long arms of Corbett.

But the longer you study Sharkey the more wonderful he seems. He grows on one. His thin, hard-featured face, bronzed by the sea winds, and hardened first by nature, then by exposure and finally by being much pummelled, provokes an under-estimate of him.

If you look closely at Sharkey's shoulders, as he stands before you, even with his street clothes on, the truth about the way the fellow is built begins to dawn on you. It is a long distance from the top button of his coat to the top seams of his sleeves. There is an astounding expanse of cloth there.

And when he peels off his raiment and stands as these pictures show him, you begin to understand why it was that Joe Choynski, hard hitter as he is, wearied himself out trying in vain to knock this knotty sailor senseless. You know why Corbett failed utterly to do him up in the four rounds which he had said were all he wanted to knock Sharkey out.

This new star in the heavyweight firmament has a pair of shoulders, a back and a chest which were originally intended for Hercules. When you look for corresponding bulk in his body, about the stomach, hips and waist, you fail to find it.

There is something amazing about the taper from Sharkey's shoulders to his waist. He is as trim as a race horse, but put together like a steel steam engine. And even there the surprise does not end. His legs look light, but it is by contrast with his remarkable chest and shoulders. When you come to examine his underpinning the truth about him comes over you. His legs are like steel. The muscles stand up on his thighs in very mountains. There are knots about his knees, and in the calves the whole business is gathered into a ball. They are legs of marvellous strength, but not bulky enough to become tiresome in the last stages of a long fight. They are easy legs to carry, and good legs to rely on.

These phenomenal pictures, taken in conjunction with Sharkey's equally phenomenal measurements, will set going a deal of new speculation about whether this phys-

ical outfit of Sharkey's is good enough to enable him to best the big ones. There are many things about the whole matter which must be taken into consideration.

First, in regard to resistance. That superb breadth between the shoulders and that depth of chest tell a great story of lung room, which is often all the bottom element in a long battle. Above the shoulders towers a neck like the abutment of a bridge. Under the skin, as he turns his hard neck in conversation, you can see the bunches of knotted muscle play.

Sharkey's measurements are worth study.

	Inches.
Neck.....	17
Chest.....	44½
Chest, expanded.....	47½
Waist.....	38
Length of leg.....	33½
Thigh.....	22½
Calf.....	16½
Biceps, relaxed.....	12½
Biceps, contracted.....	15
Right forearm.....	12½
Left forearm.....	11½
Height.....	68½

Sharkey's arms are not extraordinary large. The measurements dispel the notion which has hitherto been prevalent that the sailor was muscle bound. His arms, though hard as steel, are supple and serviceable. His whole interior economy, heart, lungs and especially stomach, are incased in a muscular envelope which is almost beyond belief. The muscles on his stomach stand out in great corrugated hillocks, on which an ordinary man might sprain his wrists by pounding.

And hard muscled as he looks and is, Sharkey is not within ten pounds or more of being in condition. With youth—he is only twenty-four—and all this fabulous muscle and pluck and health, which has never been impaired by drink, tobacco or any excesses, this sailor man ought to make a finish fight seem a long and weary proposition for Jim Corbett or anybody else.

Wm. J. Shore